PRAYERS OR MEditacions, wherin the mynde is styred paciently to suffre all afflictions here, to sette at nought the vayne prosperitie of this worlde, and alway to longe for the euerlastyng felicitie: collected out of certain holy wourkes by the moste vertuous and gracious princes Catharine, Quene of Englande, France, and Irelande. Anno dñi. 1545.

BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA

Colosſ. iii.

¶ If ye bee ryſen agayne with CHRIST, ſeke the thynges, whiche are aboue, where Chriſte ſitteth on the ryght hande of GOD. Set youre affection on thynges that are aboue: and nat on thynges, whyche are on the earthe.

MOST BE-
nigne lorde
Jesu, graūt
me thy gra
ce, that it
mai alway
woorke in
me, and perseuer with me
vnto the ende.

Graunt me, that I maie
euer desyre and wille that
whiche is moste pleasaunte,
and moste acceptable to the.

Thy will be my will, and
my will be to folowe alway
thy will.

Let there be alwaye in me
one wille, and one desire
with the, and that I haue

no desire to wille, or not to will, but as thou wilte.

Lorde, thou knowest what thynge is moste profytable and moste expedient for me.

Gyue therfore what thou wilt, as muche as thou wilt, and whan thou wilt.

Doo with me what thou wilte, as it shall please the, and as shal be most to thyne honour.

Put me where thou wilte, and freely do with me in all thynges after thy wille.

Thy creature I am, and in thy handes, leade and turne me where thou wilt.

Loo, I am thy seruaunt, ready

readye to all thynges that thou commandeſt: for I deſire not to liue to my ſelfe, but to the.

Lorde Jeſu, I praye the graunt me grace, that I neuer ſet my herte on the thynges of this worlde, but that all worldly and carnall affections maie vtterly dye & be mortifyed in me.

Graunt me aboue all thinges, that I maie reſt in the, and fully quiete and pacifie my herte in the.

For thou lorde, arte the veraie true peace of herte, and the perfeite reſt of the ſoule: and without the, al thinges

be greuous and vnquiet.

My lorde Jesu, I beseche the, bee with me in euerye place, and at all tymes, and lette it be to me a special solace, gladly for thy loue to lacke all worldly solace

And if thou withdraw thy comforte frō me at any tyme, kepe me O lorde, frome desperacion, and make me pacientlye to abide thy wyll and ordinaunce.

O lorde Jesu, thy iudgementes bee righteouse, and thy prouidence is muche better for me, than all that I can imagine or deuise.

wherfore do with me in all

all thinges as it shall please the: for it maie not bee but well, all that thou doest,

If thou wilt that I be in light, be thou blessed: if thou wilte I bee in darknesse, bee thou also blessed.

If thou vouchesafe to comfort me, be thou highly blessed: if thou wilte I liue in trouble, and withoute comforte, be thou likewyse euer blessed.

Lord, gyue me grace gladly to suffre what soeuer thou wilt shall fall vpon me, and pacientlye to take at thy hād good and badde, bitter, and swete: ioye and sorowe, and

for

for all thinges that shall befal vnto me, hartily to thãk the.

Kepe me lorde from synne, & I shall then neither dread deathe nor hell.

O what thankes ought I to gyue vnto the, whiche hast suffered the greuouse deathe of the Crosse, to deliuer me frome my synnes, and to obteyn euerlasting life for me.

Thou gauest vs moste perfect example of pacience, fulfilling and obeying the will of thy father euen vnto the deathe.

Make me wretched sinner, obediently to vse my selfe after

ter thy wyll in all thynges, and paciently to beare the bourden of this corruptible lyfe.

For though this life be tedious, & as an heuy burdein to my soule: yet neuerthelesse throughe thy grace, and by example of the, it is nowe made muche more easye and comfortable then it was before thy incarnaciō and passyon.

Thy holy life is oure waye to the, and by folowynge of the, we walke to the, that arte our head and sauiour: And yet excepte thou haddest gone before, and shewed vs

the waye to euerlasting lyfe. who would endeuoure hym selfe to folowe the: seynge we be yet so slowe and dull, hauyng the light of thy blessed example & holy doctrine to leade and directe vs.

O lorde Jesu, make that possible by grace, that is impossible to me by nature.

Thou knowest well, that I maie litle suffre, and that I am anone cast downe and ouerthrowen with a litle aduersitie: wherfore I beseche the O lorde, to strengthen me with thy spirite, that I may willingly suffre for thy sake all maner of trouble and afflicti-

fliction.

Lorde, I will knowlage vn to the, al mine vnrighteouſ-neſſe, and I wyll confeſſe to the all the vnſtableneſſe of my herte.

Oftentymes a verate litle thyng troubleth me ſore, and maketh me dull and ſlow to ſerue the,

And ſometyme I purpoſe to ſtande ſtrongly, but whan a litle truble cometh, it is to me great anguiſhe & griefe, and of a right litle thyng riſeth a greuous temptacion to me.

yea when I thinke my ſelf to be ſure and ſtronge, and that

that (as it semeth (I haue ye vpper hand: sodenly I feele my selfe ready to fall with a littel blaste of temptacion.

Behold therfore good lord, my weakenesse, and consyder me frailenesse, best knowen to the.

Haue mercy on me, and delyuer me frome all iniquitie and synne, that I be not intangled therwith.

Oftentymes it greueth me sore, and in maner confoundeth me, that I am so vnstable, so weake, and so fraile in resisting synfull mocions. which although they drawe me not alway to consent, yet ue-

neuer the lesse theyr assaultes bee verie greuouse vnto me.

And it is tedious to me, to lyue in suche battaile, albeit I perceyue that suche battaile is not vnprofytable vnto me. For therby I knowe the better my selfe, and myne owne infirmities, and that I muste seeke helpe onely at thy handes.

O lorde god of Israell, the louer of all faithfull soules, vouchesafe to behold the labour and sorowe of me thy poore creature.

Assiste me in all thynges with thy grace, & so strength me

me with heauenly strength, that neither my cruell enemie the fende, neither my wretched flesshe (whiche is not yet subiect to the spirite) haue victory or dominion ouer me.

O what a lyfe may this be called, where noo trouble nor mysery lacketh? where euery place is full of snares of mortall enemies.

For one trouble or temptacion ouer passed, an other cõmeth by and by, and the first conflicte yet durynge, a new battaile sodenly ariseth.

wherfore, lorde Jesu, I pray the, geue me the grace to

to rest in the aboue all thyn-
ges, and to quiete me in the
aboue all creatures: aboue
all glory and honoure, aboue
all dignitie & power, aboue
all cunnyng and policie: a-
boue al healthe and beautie,
aboue all rychesse and trea-
sure: aboue all ioye and plea
sure: aboue al fame & praise:
aboue all myrthe and conso-
lacion that mans hert maie
take or feele besides the.

For thou lorde god, arte
beste, moste wise, moste high,
most mightie, most sufficiēt,
and most full of al goodnes,
moste swete and moste com-
fortable, moste faire, moste
louing,

louyng, moste noble, moste glorious, in whom all goodneſſe moſte perfectly is.

And therfore what ſo euer I haue beſide the, it is nothing to me: for my hert may not reſte, ne fully be pacified but onely in the.

O lorde Jeſu, moſt louinge ſpouſe, who ſhall gyue me wynges of perfect loue, that I maye flye vp frome theſe worldly myſeries, and reſte in the?

O when ſhall I aſcend to the, and ſee, and feele howe ſwete thou arte?

whan ſhal I holly gather my ſelfe in the, ſo perfectly, that

that I shall not for thy loue feele my selfe, but the onely aboue my selfe, and aboue all worldly thynges, that thou maiest vouchsafe to visite me in such wise, as thou doest visite thy moste faithfull louers?

Nowe I often mourne and complayne of the miseryes of this life, and with sorow, and great heauynesse suffre them.

For many thynges happen daily to me, whiche oftentymes trouble me, make me heuy, and darken myne vnderstandyng.

They hinder me greatly,

and put my mynd from the, and so encombre me many wayes, that I can not freely, and clerely desyre the, ne haue thy swete consolacions, whiche with thy blessed saintes be alwaie present.

I beseche the lorde Jesu, that the syghynges and inwarde desires of my hert maie moue and incline the to here me.

O Jesu, kynge of euerlasting glory, the ioie and comfort of all christen people, that are wandrynge as pylgrims in the wylderneſſe of this worlde: my hert crieth to the by stil desires, and my

silence

ſilence ſpeketh vnto the, and ſayeth: howe longe tarieth my lorde god to come to me,

Come, O lorde, and viſite me, for without the I haue no true ioye, without the, my ſoule is heuy and ſadde.

I am in priſon, and bound with fetters of ſorow, till thou, O lorde, with thy gracious preſence vouchſafe to viſite me, and to bringe me agayne to libertie and ioy of ſpirite, and to ſhewe thy fauourable countenaunce vnto me.

Open my hert lorde, that I maie beholde thy lawes, and teache me to walke in

thy commandementes.

Make me to know and folowe thy will, and to haue alwayes in my remẽbraunce thy manyfolde benefytes, that I maie yelde due thankes to the for them.

But I knowlage and confesse for trouthe, that I am not able to gyue the condigne thankes for the least benefit that thou hast gyuen me.

O lorde, al giftes and vertues that any man hath in body or soule, natural or supernaturall, be thy gyftes, and come of the, and not of our selfe, and they declare the great richesse of thy mer

cy

ry and goodnesse vnto vs.

And though some haue mo giftes than other, yet they all procede from the, & without the, the leste can not be hadde.

O lorde, I accompte it for a greate benefit, not to haue many worldly giftes, wherby the laude and prayse of men might blynde my soule, and deceyue me.

Lorde, I knowe, that noo man ought to be abasshed or myscontent, that he is in a lowe estate in this worlde, and lacketh the plesures of this lyfe: but rather to bee glad and reioyse therat.

For so muche as thou hast chosen the poore and meeke persons, and suche as are dispised in the worlde, to bee thy seruantes and familiar frendes.

witnesse be thy blessed Apostles, whom thou madest chief pastours and spiritual gouernours of thy flocke, whiche departed frome the counsail of the Jewes, reioysynge, that they were counted worthy to suffre rebuke for thy name.

Euen so, O lorde, graunt, that I thy seruaunt maie be as well content to be taken as the least, as other bee to

be

be greattist, and that I be as well pleased to be in the lowest place, as in the hyest: and as glad to be of no reputacion in the worlde for thy sake, as other are to be noble and famous.

Lorde, it is the worke of a perfeite man, neuer to sequester his minde from the, & amōg many worldly cares to go without care: not after the maner of an ydle or a dissolute persone, but by the prerogatiue of a free mynde, alway minding heauenly thinges, and not cleauyng by inordinate affection to any creature.

Wilt I be

I beseche the therfore my lord Jesu, kepe me from the superfluouse cares of this worlde, that I be not inquieted with bodily necessities, ne that I be not taken with the voluptuous pleasures of the worlde, ne of the flesche.

Preserue me from all thynges, whiche hyndereth my soule healthe, that I bee not ouerthrowen with them.

O lorde god, whiche arte swetenesse vnspekable, turne in to bytternesse to me all worldly and flesshly delites, whiche moughte drawe me frome the loue of eternall thynges, to the loue of short

and

and vile pleasures.

Let not flesshe and bloude ouercomme me, ne yet the worlde with his vayngloxy deceyue me, nox the fēd with his manyfolde craftes sup=plant me: but giue me gosse=ly strength in resisting them, pacience in sufferyng theim, and constance in perseuering to the ende.

Geue me, fox all worldly delectacions, the most swete consolacion of thy holy spi=ritte, and fox all fleshly loue indue my soule with feruent loue of the.

Make me strong inward=ly in my soule, and casse out

therof al vnprofitable cares of this worlde, that I be nat ledde by vnstable desyres of earthly thinges, but that I maie repute all thinges in this world (as they be) transitorie, and soone vanishyng awaie, and my self also with them, drawyng toward min ende.

For nothynge vnder the sonne maie longe abide, but all is vanitie and affliction of spirite.

Geue me, lorde, therfore heauenly wisedome, that I maie lerne to seke and fynde the, and aboue all thynges to loue the.

Geue

Geue me grace to withdrawe me from theym that flatter me, and pacientlye to suffre theym, that vniustely greue me.

Lorde, whan temptacion or tribulacion cometh, vouchesafe to succour me, that all maie tourne to my gostly comforte, and pacientely to suffre, and alwaye to saye, Thy name be blessed.

Lorde, trouble is nowe at hande. I am not well, but I am greately vexed with this presente affliction. O moste glorious father, what shall I dooe? anguische and trouble are on euery syde, helpe nowe

nowe I beseeche the in this hower, thou shalt be lauded and praised, whan I am perfectly made meke before the, and whan I am clerely delyuered by the.

Maie it therfore please the to deliuer me, for what maie I most synfull wretche do? or whither maie I go for socour but to the?

Geue me pacience nowe at this time in all my troubles. helpe me lorde god, and I shall not feare ne dreade, what troubles so euer fall vppon me.

And now what shal I say: but that thy will be done in me

me? I haue deserued to bee troubled and grieued: and therfore it behoueth, that I suffre as longe as it pleaseth the.

But wolde to god, that I might suffre gladly, tyll the furious tempestes wer ouerpassed, and that quietnesse of herte myght come again.

Thy mightie hande lorde, is strong inough to take this trouble from me, and to asswage the cruell assaultes therof, that I be not ouercome with theim, as thou haste oftentymes dooen before this tyme, that whan I am clerely deliuered by the,

I

I maie with gladnesse saie: The right hand of hym that is hyghest, hath made this chaunge.

Lorde graunte me thy singular grace, that I maie come thether, where no creature shal let me, ne kepe me frome the perfeit beholding of the. For as longe as any transitory thing kepeth me backe, or hath rule in me, I maie not freely ascende to the

O lorde, without the, nothynge maie longe delite or plese: For if any thing should be liking and sauory, it must be through helpe of thy grace, seasoned with the spyce of

of thy wysedome.

O euerlastyng lyght, farre passynge all thynges, sende downe the beames of thy brightnesse from aboue, and purifye and lyghten the inwarde partes of my herte.

Quicken my soule, and all the powers therof, that it maie cleaue fast and be ioyned to the in ioyful gladnes of goostly rauishynges.

O when shall that blessed houre come, that thou shalt visite me, and glad me with thy blessed presence, when thou shalt be to me al in all: verily vntil that tyme come, there can be no perfecte ioye

in

in me.

But alas, myne olde man, that is my carnall affectiõs, lyue styll in me, and are not crucified, nor perfitly deade.

For yet striueth the flesshe against the spirite, and moueth great battaile inwardly against me, and suffereth not thy kingdom of my soule to lyue in peace.

But thou good lorde, that hast the lordeshyppe ouer all, and power of the sea to assuage the rages and surges of the same, aryse and helpe me, destroy the power of myne enemies, whiche alwaies make bataile against

me

me, shew furth the greatnes of thy goodnesse, and let the power of thy right hande be glorified in me, for there is to me none other hope nor refuge, but in the onely, my lorde, my god, to the be honor and glory euerlastyng.

O lorde, grant me, that I maie wholly resigne my selfe to the, and in all thynges to forsake my selfe, and patiently to beare my crosse, and to folowe the.

O lorde, what is man, that thou vouchesaufest to haue mynde of him: and to visite hym?

Thou arte alwaie one, all

waie good, alway rightwise and holy, iustly and blessedly disposyng all thynges after thy wisedome.

But I am a wretche, and of my selfe alwaie redy and prone to euill, and doo neuer abyde in one state, but many tymes do vary and chaunge.

Neuerthelesse it shall be better with me, whan it shal please the, for thou, O lorde, only art he, that maist helpe me; and thou maiest so confirme and stablishe me, that my hert shall not bee chaunged from the, but be surely fixed, and finally rest and be quieted in the.

I am

I am nothyng elles of my ſelfe but vanitie before the, an vnconſtant creature and a feble, and therfore, wherof maie I rightfully glory? or why ſhould I loke to be magnified.

who ſo pleaſeth hym ſelfe without the, diſpleſeth the: and he that delitethin menus praiſynges, loſeth the true prayſe before the.

The true prayſe is to bee praiſed of the: And the true ioye is to reioyſe in the.

wherfore thy name (o lord) bee prayſed, and not myne.

Thy workes be magnified and not myne, and thy goodnes

nesse bee alwayes lauded and blessed.

Thou arte my glorie, and the ioye of my herte, in the shal I glory, and ioye in the, and not in my selfe, nor in any worldly honour or dignitie, whiche to thy eternall glory compared, is but a shadow and veraie vanitie.

O lorde, we lyue here in great darkenes, and are sone deceiued with the vanities of this worlde, and are sone greued with a lytle trouble: yet yf I coulde beholde my selfe wel, I should plainly se, that what trouble so euer I haue suffered, it hath iustely com-

comme vpon me, because I haue often synned, and greuously offended the.

To me therfore confucion and dispite is due: but to the lawde, honour, and glorie.

Lord, sende me helpe in my troubles, for mannes helpe is lyttell worthe.

How often haue I ben disposuted, where I thought I shoulde haue founde frendeship? And howe often haue I found it, where as I least thought?

wherfore it is a vain thing, to trust in man, for the true truste and helthe of man, is onely in the.

Blessed be thou lord therefore in all thinges, that happeneth vnto vs: for we bee weake and vnstable, soone disceyued, and soone chaunged from one thynge to an other.

O lorde god, moste righteuous iudge, strong and pacient, whiche knowest the frailtee and malice of man, be thou my hoole strengthe and comforte in all necessities: for myne owne conscience (lorde) suffyceth not.

wherfore to thy mercie I do appeale, seyng no manne maie be iustified ne appere righteuous in thy syghte, if thou

thou examine him after thy iustice.

O blessed mansion of thy heauenly citie, O most clerest daie of eternitie, whom the night maie neuer darke.

This is the daie, alwaie clere and mery, alway sure, and neuer chaungynge his state.

Woulde to god this daye myght shortely appere and shyne vpon vs, and that this worldely fantasies were at an ende,

This daie shyneth clerely to thy saintes in heue with euerlastyng brightnesse, but to vs pylgrims in earthe, it

hynethe obſcurely, and as through a mirrour or glaſſe.

The heauenlye citezyns know, how ioyous thys day is: but we, outlawes, the chyldren of Eue, wepe and waile the bitter tediouſneſſe of our daye, that is of this preſent life, ſhorte and eupll, full of ſorowe and anguiſhe. where man is often tymes defyled with ſynne, encombred with affliction, inquieted with troubles, wrapped in cares, buſied with vanities, blinded with errours, ouercharged with labours, vered with temptacions, ouercome with vaine delites

and

and pleasures of the world, and grenously tormented with penury and nede.

O, when shal thende come of all these miseries?

when shal I be clerely deliuered from the bondage of synne?

when shal I (lorde) haue onely mynde on the, and fully be glad and mery in the?

When shal I be free without lettyng, and bee in perfeite lyberte without griefe of body and soule?

When shall I haue peace without trouble: peace within and without: and on euery syde stedfaste and sure?

O lorde Jesu, when shall I stande and beholde the? and haue full sight and contemplacion of thy glorie?

When shalte thou be to me all in all? and when shall I be with the in thy kingdom, that thou hast ordeined for thine electe people from the beginnyng?

I am lefte here poore, and as an outlawe, in the lande of myne enemies, where dayly be batailes and great misfortunes.

Comforte myne exile, asswage my sorowe, for al my desyre is to be with the.

It is to me an vnpleasant bur-

burdeyne, what pleasure so euer the worlde offereth me here.

I desire to haue inwarde fruicio in the, but I can not atteine therto.

I couette to cleaue faste to heauenly thynges, but worldely affections plucke my mynde downewarde.

I wolde subdue all yuel affectyons, but they daiely rebelle and ryse ageynste me, and will not be subiecte vnto my spyrite.

Thus I wretched creature fighte in my selfe, and am greuous to my selfe, whyle my spirite desyreth to be vpward

warde, & contrary, my flesshe drawethe me downewarde.

O, what suffre I inwardely? I go about to minde heuenly thynges, and streight a great raable of worldely thoughtes russhe in to my soule.

Therfore lord, be not longe awaie, ne departe not in thy wrathe from me.

Sende me the light of thy grace, destroye in me all carnall desires.

Sende forthe the hotte flames of thy loue, to burne & consume the cloudie fantasies of my mynde.

Gather, O lorde, my wittes

tes and the powers of my soule together in the, and make me to dispise al worldly thinges, and by thy grace strongely to resist and ouercome all mocions and occasions of synne.

Helpe me, thou euerlasting Trouthe, that no worldely gyle nor vanitie hereafter haue power to deceiue me.

Come also thou heauenly swetenesse, & let al bitternes of synne flee farre from me.

Pardon me, and forgeue me, as ofte as in my prayer my mynde is not surely fixed on the.

For many tymes I am not there,

there, where I stande or sytte but rather there, whyther my thoughtes carie me.

For there I am, where my thought is, and there as customablye is my thoughte, there is that that I loue.

And that oftentymes commeth into my mynde, that by custome pleaseth me best, and that deliteth me most to thynke vpon.

Accordyngly as thou doest saie in thy gospel: where as a mannes treasure is, there is his herte.

Wherfore if I loue heauen I speake gladly therof, and of such thynges as be of god and

and of that that appertay-
neth to his honour, & to the
glorifieng of his holy name.

And if I loue the worlde,
I loue to talke of worldely
thynges: and I ioye anone
in worldly felycitie, and so-
rowe, and lament soone for
worldly aduersitee.

If I loue the flesshe, I ima-
gine oftentimes that plesseth
the flesshe.

If I loue my soule, I delite
muche to speake and to here
of thynges, that bee for my
soule healthe.

And what so euer I loue,
of that I gladly here and
speake, and beare the ymа-
ges

ges of them stil in my mīde.

Blessed is that man, that for the loue of the. lorde, setteth not by the pleasures of this worlde, & lerneth truely to ouercome hym selfe, and with the feruour of spirite crucifyeth his flesshe, so that in a cleane and a pure conciencce, he maie offer his prayers to the, and be accepted to haue company of thy blessed angelles, all erthly thynges excluded from his herte.

Lorde, and holy father, be thou blessed, now and euer: for as thou wylte, so is it done, and that thou dooest, is alwaye best.

Lette

Let me thy humble and vnworthy seruaunt, ioye onely in the, and not in my self, ne in any thyng els beside the.

For thou lord, art my gladnesse, my hope, my crowne, and all myne honour.

What hath thy seruaunte, but that he hath of the, and that without his desert?

All thynges be thyne, thou hast create and made them.

I am poore, and haue been in trouble and peyne euer from my youthe, and my soule hath ben in great heauinesse throughe manyfolde passions, that come of the worlde and of the flesshe.

Wherfore lorde, I desyre that I maie haue of the, the ioye of inward peace.

I aske of the, to come to that rest, whiche is ordeined for thy chosen children, that be fedde and nourished with the lighte of heauenly comfortes: For without thy helpe, I can not come to the.

Lorde geue me peace, geue me inwarde ioye. and then my soule shalbe full of heauenly melody, & be deuoute and feruente in thy laudes and praisynges.

But if thou withdrawe thy selfe from me (as thou hast sometyme done) than maie not

not thy seruant ren the way of thy commandementes, as I dyd before.

For it is not with me, as it was, when the lanterne of thy goostly presence did shine vpon my hed, and I was defended vnder the shaddowe of thy wynges from all perylles and daungers.

O mercifull lord Iesu, euer to bee praysed, the tyme is come, that thou wilte proue thy seruante, and ryghtfull is it, that I shall now suffre somewhat for the.

Now is the houre cõmen, that thou hast knowen from the beginnyng, that thy ser-

naunt for a tyme shulde outwardly be set at naught, and inwardly to leane to the.

And that he shulde be dispised in the syghte of the worlde, and be broken with affliction, that he may after arise with the in a new light and bee clarified and made glorious in thy kingdome of heauen.

O holy father, thou haste ordeined it so to be, and it is done as thou hast cõmãded.

This is thy grace (O lord) to thy friende, to suffre hym to be troubled in this world for thy loue, how often so euer it be, and of what persõ

sa

so euer it be, and in what ma ner so euer thou wilte suffre it to fall vnto hym: for with- out thy will or sufferaunce what thing is dooen vppon earth?

It is good to me (O lorde) that thou hast meekned me, that I maie therby lerne to knowe thy rightuous iudge mentes, and to put from me all maner of presumpcion, and statelinesse of herte.

It is veraie profitable for me, that confusion hath co- uered my face, that I maie learne therby rather to seke to the for helpe and succour, then to man.

I haue therby learned to dreade thy secrete and terrible iugementes, which scourgest the righteous with the synner, but not without equitie and iustice.

Lorde, I yelde thankes to the, that thou haste not spared my synnes, but hast punyshed me with scourges of loue, and haste sent me afflictyon and angupshes within and without.

No creature vnder heauen maie comforte me but thou (Lorde god) the heauenlie leache of mans soule, which strikest and healest, whiche brynggest a man nyghe vnto death,

death, and after restorest him to life agayne, that he maie therby learne to knowe his owne weakenesse and imbecilitie, and the more fully to truste in the (lorde.)

Thy discipline is layde vpon me, and thy rod of correction hath taught me, and vnder that rod I holly submitte me.

Strike my backe and my bones, as it shall please the, and make me to bowe my croked will vnto thy will.

Make me a meeke and an humble disciple as thou hast somtime done with me, that I maye walke after thy wil.

To the I committe my self to be corrected: for better it is to be corected by the here then in tyme to come.

Thou knowest al thinges, and nothyng is hid from the that is in mans conscience.

Thou knowest al thynges to come before they fall, & it is not nedeful, that any man teache the, or warne the of any thing that is done vpon the earth.

Thou knowest what is profitable for me, & howe muche tribulacions helpen to purge away the rust of sinne in me.

Doe with me after thy plea

sure,

ſure, I am a ſynfull wretch; to none ſo well knowen as to the.

Graunt me (Lorde) that to knowe, that is neceſſary to be knowen: that to loue, that is to be loued: that to deſire, that pleaſeth the: that to regard, that is precious in thy ſyghte: and that to refuſe, that is vyle before the.

Suffre me not to iudge thy miſteries after my outward ſenſes, ne to gyue ſentence after the hearyng of the ignorante, but by true iudgement to diſcerne thinges ſpirituall, and aboue all thynges alwaie to ſerche and fo-

lowe thy wyll and pleasure.

O lorde Jesu, thou art all my richesse, and all that I haue, I haue it of the.

But what am I (lorde) that I dare speake to the? I am thy poore creature, and a worme moste abecte.

Beholde Lorde, I haue nought, and of my selfe I am nought worthe, thou art onely god, tyghtuouse and holy, thou ordereſt all thynges, thou gyueſt all thinges, and thou fulfyllest all thynges with goodnesse.

I am a synner, barren and voide of godly vertue.

Remembre thy mercyes, and

and fill my herte with plentie of thy grace, for thou wilt not that thy workes in me shuld be made in vain.

Howe maie I beare the mysterie of this lyfe, except thy grace and mercie doo comforte me?

Tourne not thy face from me, deferre not thy visityng of me, ne withdraw not thy comfortes, leste happely my soule be made as drie earthe without the water of grace.

Teache me lorde, to fulfyl thy wylle, to lyue meekely, and worthily before the, for thou arte all my wysedome and counnyng, thou arte he, that

that knowest me as I am, that knewest me before the worlde was made, and before I was borne or brought into this life, to the (o lorde) be honour glorie and prayse for euer and euer. Amen.

Laudes deo in ęternum. Amen.

A prayer for the kynge.

O LORDE Jesu Christe moste hygh, most myghty, kynge of kynges, lorde of lordes, the onely rular of princis, the verate sonne of god, on whose right hand sytting, doest from thy throne beholde all the dwellers vpon earth: with moste lowly hertes we beseech the, vouchsafe with fauourable regarde, to behold our moste gracious soueraigne lorde, kyng Henry the eyght, and so repleni∫he him with the grace of thy holy spirite, that he alwaie incline to thy wyl, and walke in thy way. Kepe hym far of from ignorance, but through thy gifte, let prudence and knowlage alwaie abounde in his royall herte: Do instruct hym

(O LORDE Jesu) reigneyng vpon vs in earth, that his humain maiestie, alwaie obeye thy diuine maiestie in feare and dreade. Indue hym plentyfully with heuenly giftes. Graunt him in helthe and welthe longe to liue. Encrease glory and honour vpon hym. Glad hym with the ioye of thy countenaunce. Also strengthe hym, that he maie vanquyshe and ouercome all his and our foes, and be dred and feared of all the ennemies of his realme. Amen.

¶ A praier for men to saie entring into battaile.

O Almyghty kyng and lord of hostes, which by thy angels therevnto appointed doest minister both warre & peace,

and

and which diddest geue vnto Dauid both courage and strength, being but a litle one, vnarmed, and vnexpert in feates of warre, with his slyng to sette vpon and ouerthrowe the gret huge Goliath, our cause now being iust, and being inforced to entre into warre and battayle, we most humble beseche the (O lord god of hostes) so to turne the hertes of our enneimies to the desire of peace, that no christē blud be spilt, or els graunt (O lorde) that with small effusion of bloud, and to the litle hurt & domage of innocentis, we may to thy glory, optein victory: and that the warres being soone ended, we male al, with one hert and mynde, knyt togither in concorde and vnitie, laude and prayse the, whiche liuest and reignest, worlde without ende. Amen.

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Cum priuilegio ad impri-
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